

THE USEFUL BAMBOO.

YANKER MACHINERY COMPETES WITH JAPANESE FINGERS.

Manufactured Products of a Foreign Wood Are Popular, but Are Made in This Country.

The light bamboo curtain is giving the same privacy to suburban New Yorkers this year that the Venetian blind has long given to West Indians and other dwellers in warm climates. Several years ago these rolling curtains of split bamboo made their appearance in this city under the name of aldaris, and they were found so useful that they soon became popular favorites, particularly in the suburban towns. The suburban New Yorker had fallen into the habit of living much in public when outside the walls of his house.

Fashion decreed long ago that the front fence must come down, and the piazza, usually not far from the street, was so exposed that it was useless for comfortable lounging and demanded the same dress that must be worn for walking or calling. The bamboo curtain came to remedy this evil and to give to the American piazza greater privacy and comfort. It is cheap enough for the smallest cottage, pretty enough for the most expensive and useful for everybody who has a piazza. Like most things that are cheap, pretty and useful, it has made a place for itself.

Possibly there may be some remote hamlet in the United States where the bamboo curtain has not yet appeared, and for the benefit of that hamlet it may be necessary to describe it. It is simply a rolling shade made of thin slats of split bamboo, with a round bamboo rod at top and bottom to give it strength and ropes running through two small pulleys to raise it or let it down. It is so loosely made that the wind whistles through it readily, yet it has enough solidity to make a shield from the sun. It may be run up or down as easily as any shade, and it is not only a protection against the sun, but a valuable screen to shield the summer lounge from the gaze of every passerby. It is used only upon the piazza.

The bamboo curtain is too familiar hereabouts to need any description for the New Yorker, urban or suburban, but there are some curious things about it that must attract the idle notion of the summer lounge. It has a foreign look throughout and seems to bear the delicate odors of lacquer and fine cabinet work that we associate with Japan. The slats are thin things, perhaps a quarter of an inch thick and a sixteenth of an inch wide. When the marks of a joint appear, they are not in one slat or two, but in enough of the slats to cover a foot or more in height, and each one exactly over the one below it, showing that all those slats have been deftly cut from one stalk of bamboo. So neatly and evenly is this cutting done that the summer lounge is likely to wonder at the patience and dexterity of the Japanese workmen who make these things.

But the patient Japanese workmen who make these screens are usually good American citizens, and all the foreign look is manufactured to order and by machinery. It is not in Tokyo or Yokohama that the bamboo curtains are made, but in New York or Brooklyn. Sidaris is a good name for them because it has a far away sound, and few people know what it means. The bamboo is a genuine product of the tropics, but the manufacturing is all done on one side or other of the East river—largely in Brooklyn, and not far from the navy yard. This applies, however, only to the bamboo shades and other bamboo work used in and about this city. Nearly every large city in the country has at least one factory where bamboo goods are made. Some of the largest of these factories, after those of New York and Brooklyn, are in Philadelphia, St. Louis and San Francisco. In all of these factories, although the price of labor is 20 times higher than in Japan, the goods are made as cheaply as they can be made in the east because the work is done with machinery.

Beyond a few ornamental chairs and tables, the bamboo curtain is the first popular use to which bamboo has been put in this country. It probably will not be the last, for bamboo has a habit of making itself so useful wherever it goes that its acquaintance is cultivated. The raw material has to be imported, for bamboo has not yet been successfully raised in this country. The Chinese in California have tried it, but without any great success. Some lonely trees grow in St. Augustine in Florida, but they are mere travesties upon the real bamboo of the tropics.

For commercial purposes bamboo comes to this country in the holds of sailing vessels, tied up in long cylindrical bundles, and the packages of it that one may frequently see unloading in South street are not good samples of the bamboo of the East Indies, except for business uses. The immense stalks, sometimes a foot thick and 60 feet long, seldom come here, because they are too costly to handle. The plant is made from small growths, and it is not much matter whether the stalks are straight or crooked. They are often crooked, but they are easily straightened.

"Our raw material," says a maker of bamboo goods, "comes principally from China, Japan and India. In these three countries we find more than 60 varieties, ranging between 2 feet and 60 feet in height and half an inch and 8, 10, 12 inches in diameter. Every one of these varieties is noted for its durability, its great tendency to bend when steamed, its unique property of splitting into pieces of any thickness desired, and the high polish it will take. For any of these qualities no other wood compares with it. In some varieties the joints are only from five to eight inches apart, and in others they are upward of five feet apart. These larger kinds are rare and are used only in the manufacture of more costly furniture."

"What bamboo articles do we make? A great many, and still not nearly as many as we might, nor as many as we probably should better. We make Sidaris or Japanese curtains, screens, fretwork, baskets and hampers, fancy boxes, parasols, chairs, stools, flower stands, settees, hat racks, tables, cabinets, brackets, caskets, portieres, scrolls and fancy woodwork of every description. Most of these things you will notice are fancy articles. Plain and more useful things will come in time. As soon as there is demand for them we are ready to make half the furnishing and fitting of a house from bamboo."

"Do not confound bamboo work with goods made of rattan. Bamboo is hollow and knotty, while rattan is solid and fibrous. Rattan is a product of a species of palm tree and has little in common with bamboo. We make in this country about \$800,000 worth of bamboo goods every year."—New York Sun.

Shakespeare's Beer Jug and Other Curios. Ask almost any three men what they thought of the sale of Shakespeare's beer jug for \$150, and they would give three different replies, each depending ultimately on a radical difference of imagination. The first would say that the purchase was a pure absurdity; the second would allege that it was a better jug than could be bought for the price; the third would say that, although he thought the price a little exaggerated, he could see, or rather feel, the motive for the competition. There is, of course, a passion

for curios, but it does not cover the whole ground. Some sort of imagination must be stirred by many relics which seem to the reflective to suggest nothing—relics like the taper stand used by Marie Antoinette when she wrote her letters, or the bootjack with which Frederick the Great excited himself from his boots. There must be in the concrete imagination depths which it is difficult to follow, a power in some men of dreaming because their heads are on a particular pillow. The really contemptible passion is the craze to possess a relic of one in whom the collector has no manner of interest except that—the man whose "relic" is acquired interests others some share of the feeling it inspires will be carried to the credit of its purchaser's account. It is reasonable to buy Shakespeare's jug for the sake of conceiving Shakespeare; base to buy it in order to be distinguished as the owner of Shakespeare's jug.—London Spectator.

The Red Man and the Live Wire. When the weather is warm, the town is overrun with hatless and shoeless Papago bucks, who seem to delight in loafing in the most frequented places and take a languid interest in whatever is going on.

A couple of men were recently idly watching the stringing of the postoffice when one of the ropes by which they are hauled tumbled broke, and the end of the wire, flying back and crossing other wires, received quite a current of electricity.

One of the bucks started across the street, and reaching the innocent rope of bright copper happened to place one bare foot upon it.

He gave a quick hop without uttering any sound, and carefully examined his sole, then cautiously approached the wire, daintily touched it with his toe and immediately gave another jump.

By this time his companion had joined him, and upon invitation put his foot squarely upon it and was in turn intensely mystified. Both then suddenly recoiled themselves. Gazing around at a number of spectators, and seeing their proceeding had been observed and evidently enjoyed, they quickly walked off to talk the mystery over in the neighboring corner.—Lucan Citizen.

Good Qualifications. A woman whose husband is a well to do Jeweler of this city was visiting up the state and was suddenly summoned home to sign some business papers. Having borrowed some money for the trip, she carefully left it in the house and went to catch the only train she could take, without a cent in her purse. Only when the train whistled did she discover her predicament.

Going up to the ticket agent, she explained what she was and threw herself on his mercy. He told her it was strictly against the rules, but that for once he would carry a personal risk, and she got the ticket and the train.

At her elbow when the arrangement was made was a handsome young man with whom she was forced to sit on the train. He turned out to be Adonis Dixey.

"If you were in need of an engagement," he said, "I should offer you an engagement in my company."

"What could I do in your company?" she replied. "I couldn't act."

"That wouldn't matter. You could earn a good salary with us. We often want to travel when we haven't the price of a ticket."—New York Times.

The Knowing Parson. There is the story of a gentleman who inadvertently slipped a blue poker chip into the church collection plate and then called upon his pastor with an apology for his carelessness and a silver dollar instead of the chip.

"Oh, no," said the man of God knowingly. "That's not enough. A blue chip is worth \$5 in your game."

An Oklahoma divine was even shrewder. "The collection will now be taken," he said, "and I wish to remark further that poker chips don't go any more. Get 'em cashed before you come and bring the money. I am forced to this decision by the fact that some of the brethren have been showing off chips of their own making on us and letting the laugh be on us when we went to get them cashed at the Dewdrop Fortune parlors."—Chicago Tribune.

Barbarous's Enchanted Sleep. The Germans have a legend that Frederic Barbarous is not dead, but in an enchanted sleep in a cavern in the Harz mountains. His long red beard is believed to have grown during this long enchantment until it covers the table at which he sits and descends to the floor. He has been there for centuries and must remain for centuries still, but he will finally be freed, so the legends say, and lead his knights to a glorious victory.—New York Press.

A Fool Kingfisher. One day, as I was walking across the river bridge with two friends and happened to look down in the water (which, by the way, is about 40 feet distant from the bridge), I saw a pickered old 3 feet long lying there in the clear water near the shore. I told my friends to stay there and I would get my rod and line and a live minnow and catch the fish. I did so and put a nice little shiner on the hook. I had an automatic reel with 90 feet of line on it. I let the minnow down in the water, and it hardly reached there before a kingfisher came down from under the bridge, seized my minnow and started down the river. When he got the line it was lightened out, he let the minnow drop, and I supposed he went on down the river, so I started once more to catch the pickered, but had hardly got my line in shape again when down came Mr. Kingfisher and took the minnow again.

This time, however, he went back under the bridge, and after a moment or two let the minnow fall back in the river, and I then went after the pickered again, and for the third time down came Mr. Kingfisher, but he got the hook along with the minnow, and I had him fast. He flew right straight up in the air, and I let him have the whole 90 feet of line. Then I reeled him in from the sky, and you never heard such a noise as he made, but I landed him all right. I then took him and showed him to all the fishermen in town and then let him go, and he went back to the bridge.—American Angler.

The Bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. Proceeding westward from the Irish coast the ocean bed deepens very gradually—in fact, for the first 200 miles the gradient is but six feet to the mile. In the next 30 miles, however, the fall is over 9,000 feet, and so precipitous is the sudden descent that in many places depths of 1,300 to 1,600 fathoms are encountered in very close proximity to the 100 fathom line. With the depth of 1,800 to 2,000 fathoms, the sea bed in this part of the Atlantic becomes a slightly undulating plain, whose gradients are so slight that they show but little indication of depth for 1,200 miles. The extraordinary flatness of these submarine prairies renders the familiar simile of the basin rather inappropriate.

The hollow of the Atlantic is not strictly a basin whose depth increases regularly toward the center. It is rather a saucer or dishlike one, so even is the contour of its bed. The greatest depth in the Atlantic has been found some 100 miles to the northward of the island of St. Thomas, where soundings of 3,875 fathoms were obtained. The sea round Great Britain can hardly be regarded as forming part of the Atlantic hollow. They are rather a part of the platform banks of the European continent which the ocean has overflowed.—Nautical Magazine.

SHOWING THE PHOTOGRAPH.

An Interesting Machine That Taught One Man a Very Sober Lesson.

Edison's photograph has a magnificent effecting forth, and you can investigate and enjoy this fascinating instrument to your heart's content utterly free of the annoying nickel. Beautiful young ladies will very obligingly explain the instrument to your perfect understanding and treat you as nicely as though they thought you were going to buy one of them—one of the machines, I mean. You will be interested to learn how the photograph is being used for teaching languages, also in commercial life. The man of business talks his communications into the instrument's mouthpiece. Later, the typewriter, at her leisure, hangs the tubes in her dainty ears, and dented wax gives back the words of the man of business, and the typewriter puts the matter into a letter. Or the wax cylinder is talked full, sent off by mail and the words reproduced at the most distant point. It seems like witchcraft.

"Perhaps you would like to talk into it yourself?" the pretty girl asked in the sweetest tones after she had treated me to a cylinder after cylinder of songs and brass bands and exercises in the German language.

I said I thought it would be nice. So she put a brand new wax cylinder on the machine, nicely adjusted the mechanism and bade me speak into the mouthpiece. I never felt so bashful in my life.

"I don't know what to say," I stammered after looking vacantly into the mouthpiece and then around the building and then into the bright eyes of the attendant. "Suppose you begin with a few words," she uttered a few remarks, and one or two other people took hold of the thing and said something, looking foolish all the while. Then I likewise took hold again.

"Say what you think of the photograph," suggested the young woman, seeing that I felt my position keenly.

"The photograph is—the photograph is—a—I began in a frightened tone. "You must speak louder," she explained. "I spoke louder, but I didn't know what I said, and I even sang a feeble little verse till people who had been listening began to move away, with a weary look on their faces, and the young lady shut off the power."

"Now, if you will listen through the tubes," she continued, "you will hear repeated all that has been spoken into it."

So I hearkened. The little machine buzzed and whizzed and then began talking. I recognized the young lady's remarks, and what the other people had said, every note and syllable exactly reproduced, and then the thing began to stammer and halt and give forth what seemed to be the remarks of a young man with red hair and a blue necktie, who, never having been in public life, is unexpectedly elected to preside at a parish meeting and has to return thanks for the honor conferred upon him.

There were some hemmings and hawings, and a number of whistling noises interspersed with eloquent pauses, and I could hear the instrument break forth into a cold perspiration as it finished the remarks. Then I put the tubes carefully down.

"I am to understand, am I, that those concluding stanzas represent what I spoke into the machine?" I asked in a mild and inoffensive tone.

"Just the same," the young lady replied, with a faraway look in her eye.

"My tones, my everything?"

"Everything," she said.

So that explains it. I know now why people do not aspire to sing often. I understand why they do not ask me to sing "Oh, Promise Me" and "Daddy Won't Buy Me a Bowwow" and such things at concerts, and why nobody ever comes to me when the regular tenor is away and asks me to take his place for a Sunday in the choir. I have felt hurt about these things and thought I was kept down by jealousy, but my mind is cleared of a mistaken standard that might have lain upon it forever had not Mr. Edison invented his photograph. How grateful I am to him.

"And do I understand," I said to the young lady, "that this cylinder upon which I have imprinted these remarks can be preserved?"

"For centuries," she answered.

"And my voice, with the information it fails to convey, reproduced indefinitely?"

"While the world lasts," she said.

"But," I pursued, getting anxious, "I understand you can pare off this wax cylinder, destroy the evidence, and use it for more vital purposes. Am I right?"

"Quite right," she observed.

"Miss Edison," I said in a trembling voice, "I am not rich, as men count riches, but here is \$1.00—"

"Give your word no unesiness," the young lady rejoined. "I shall destroy the cylinder. We always do."

And so I came away. You will never know what a good, unusual thing is your own voice until it comes out of a photograph. You think you know its sound, but the sound you hear when you speak is not what you bore other people with.

I shall try not to talk so much hereafter.—W. O. Fuller, Jr., in Rockland (N. Y.) Tribune.

Foreign Comment on the Fair. My first impressions of the exhibition are still maintained. The place is altogether too big and will assuredly be financially a gigantic failure. The charge to exhibitors and their assistants of \$3 (24, 6d.) apiece for their entrance tickets is very unpopular. There are something like 20,000 of these, so that about \$15,000 is made by the transaction. True it is that the promise is thrown out that two-thirds of the money will be returned at the close of the exhibition if the passes are handed in again, but this assurance is generally taken with an unusually large grain of salt as this is not a country for returning anything in the shape of that "almighty dollar" loves so well.

The most striking thing in the entire exhibition—perhaps in the whole world—is the gigantic gilded statue of Liberty. It stands at one end of a lagoon and faces an equally watched figure mounted in what is known here as the electrical car. For grotesque renderings of classical subjects, these two figures, situated as they are in the most prominent part of the grounds—to use an Americanism—take the cake.—London Building News.

A Terribly Mixed Up Parson. There was once an absentminded preacher in Maine of whom a gossiping lady tells. One Sunday he said excitedly at the close of a solemn discourse: "The choir will now pronounce the benediction and I will sing the Dohology." The choir failed to respond beyond a faint soprano giggle, and the minister hastily exclaimed: "No, no! I should have said, I will now sing the benediction and the choir will please pronounce the Dohology." Before he could hazard another attempt the quartet came to the rescue with "Old Hundred," and the parson sat down to recover his wits behind the friendly shelter of the old fashioned pulpit.—Lewiston Journal.

Parliamentary "Popping." A member of congress had been paying attention to a young lady for a long while and had taken her to attend the house until she was well posted in the rules. On the last day of the session as they came out, he brought her a bouquet of flowers and said to her, "May I offer you my handful of flowers?" She replied promptly, "I move to amend by omitting all after the word 'hand.'" He blushing accepted the amendment, and they adopted it unanimously.—Exchange.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Teaching Trolley Secrets.

It is not a very easy thing to be a motor-man on a trolley car. It takes some time to learn the tricks of the trade, and it is an interesting sight to watch an experienced man breaking in a green hand. The Hamble was sitting on the front seat of a DeKalb avenue car bound up town the other day when this performance was being conducted. The beginner was running the car, while the teacher was sitting down and watching him. The crank which regulates the power on the DeKalb avenue cars is situated on top of a box and moves in almost a complete circle, having 10 catches in the circuit. "Now, give her 1, 2, 3," said the teacher as the car was to be started. Click, click, click went the lever as it over the catches. The car was going at a pretty fair speed. "Bang, bang," said the tutor warningly. "Don't forget the corners," and the new hand stamped the gong with great vigor.

"All this way over to 10 now, 2, 3, 9, 10; that's right." The car bowed along at high speed on a straight stretch of track. "All the way off," said the old hand as a wagon started across the track half a block away. "That's it. Ring your bell. Now, 1, 2, 3, over to 6 again. Right." The new hand got to be quite an expert before I left the car. His only fault was a tendency to forget that he had a go to warn wayfarers and vehicles. The last instructions which were heard as the Hamble left the car were: "Don't let that fellow ahead get away from you. His horses are just as fast as yours when you're both going, and you've got to keep even with him on stops and starts. Now he's trying to run away from you. Shove her over to 10."—Brooklyn Eagle.

England's Oldest Industry. The oldest industry in Great Britain—older it could hardly be, for its existence has been traced back to the prehistoric stone age—is still being carried on at the village of Brandon, on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, and is reported to be in a flourishing condition. It is a manufacture of flint and tinder box flint. The work is done in little sheds, often at the back of townfolk's cottages. It will naturally be asked, Who wants tinder box flint and gun flint in these days of phosphorus matches and Martinis?

The answer to the first question is that there is a good trade in tinder box flint with Spain and Italy, where the tinder box still keeps its ground in very rural districts. Travelers in uncivilized regions, moreover, find flint and steel more trustworthy than matches, which are useless under the most adverse conditions. Gun flint, on the other hand, goes mostly to the wild parts of Africa, where our old friend, "Brown Bess," sold by auction long ago for what flint muskets would fetch, has found, it seems, his last refuge.—London News.

A Delicate Hint. Sir Henry Hawkins was once presiding over a tedious and uninteresting trial and was listening, apparently with absorbed attention, to a tedious and uninteresting speech from a counsel learned in the law. Presently he made a pencil memorandum, folded it and sent it by the usher to the counsel in question. This gentleman, on unfolding the paper, found these words: "Patience Competition—Gold medal, Sir Henry Hawkins. Honorable mention, Job." His peroration was wound up with as little delay as possible.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Intense Heat. In 1778 the heat of Bologna was so great that numbers of people were stifled. In July, 1793, the heat again became intolerable. Vegetables were burned up, and fruit dried on the trees. The furniture and woodwork in dwelling houses cracked and split, and meat went bad in an hour.—Yankee Blade.

We have 60 divisions on the dials of our clocks and watches because the old Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, who lived in the second century before Christ, used the Babylonian system of dividing time, and that system was sexagesimal.

Impartial writers are quoted with saying that the gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coin than the whole of the present European circulation.

An Effective Threat. The queen of King is an excellent musician, whereas King Humbert displays but little artistic taste and has certainly no ear for music. Of late the queen has been compelled to use spectacles when reading. The first time her husband, who detests them, saw her wearing a pair he exclaimed: "Margherita, take those glasses off!" But as the queen was in no hurry to obey, the king, having exhausted his powers of persuasion, at last said: "Margherita, if you don't put away those glasses I shall start singing!"

The effect of this simple threat was magical. Rather than submit to the martyrdom of listening to the false notes of her spouse the queen gave way and moved her spectacles.—Corriere di Napoli.

Mr. Robert W. Denver. An Exempt Fireman of Jackson Engine Co., Long Island City, N. Y., says that at Christmas, 1890, he could only take a small dinner, as he was in a fearful condition from dyspepsia. The next morning he went to Europe for his health, but came home cured. In the fall he decided upon a thorough trial of

Hood's Sarsaparilla. And by Christmas had a hearty appetite, healthy digestion, and was perfectly well. His cure was due wholly to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's PILLS cure liver bile, constipation, indigestion, jaundice, and other disorders. Try them.

DR. WORTHINGTON'S INSTANT CURE FOR CHOLERA, CRAMPS, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

Indorsed by the highest medical authority. See circular around each bottle.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

For sale by all druggists.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE WILL NOT RIP.

Do you wear them? When next in need by a pair, Best in the world.

\$5.00 \$3.00 \$4.00 \$2.50 \$3.50 \$2.00 \$2.50 \$2.00 \$2.25 \$1.75 \$2.00 \$1.75

FOR LADIES FOR GENTS

If you want a fine DRESS SHOE, made in the latest style, and to last, try my \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00 or \$5 shoe. It is equal to custom made and looks and wears as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, do so by purchasing W. L. DOUGLAS Shoes. Name and price stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by HELLER & CO., 317 East Broadway, New York.

J. C. COOPER & SON, 1201 East Main street.

WE OFFER TO CLOSE OUT THIS DEPARTMENT OF OUR BUSINESS OUR STOCK OF TUBULAR AND LOCOMOTIVE BOILERS.

from 6 to 20-horse power, HORIZONTAL CENTRE CRANK ENGINES.

Detached or mounted on boiler, from 4 to 12-horse power.

These Engines and Boilers are new, of our standard designs, that are well-known.

We also offer a lot of PULLEYS, CRANKS, SHAFTS, etc., rough and finished. Any of these can be bought very low.

Richmond Locomotive & Machine Works

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Indorsed by the highest medical authority. See circular around each bottle.

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PRICE, 25 CENTS.

For sale by all druggists.

INSURANCE STATEMENT.

ANNUAL STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1932, OF THE COMBINATION AND AFFAIRS OF THE BOSTON MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF BOSTON, organized under the laws of the State of Massachusetts, made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the Commonwealth of Virginia, in pursuance of the laws of Virginia.

President—HARVEY B. FILLER. Vice-Presidents—HERBERT FULLER and CHARLES A. FULLER. Secretary—THOMAS H. LORD. Principal Office—75 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS. General Agent in Virginia—THOMAS L. ALFRIEND. Residence—RICHMOND, VA. Organized or Incorporated—DECEMBER 23, 1873. Commenced Business—JANUARY 23, 1874.

I. CAPITAL. Amount of capital stock subscribed..... \$1,000,000.00 Amount of capital stock actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00

II. ASSETS. Value of real estate owned by the company..... \$1,750.00 Loans on mortgage duly recorded and being the first liens on the fee simple, upon which not more than one year's interest is due..... 50,000.00 Interest due on all said mortgage loans, \$1,000.00 interest accrued thereon, \$1,000.00 Value of lands mortgaged, exclusive of buildings and perishable improvements..... 1,000.00 Value of the buildings mortgaged (insured for \$500,000 as collateral)..... \$1,000,000.00 Total value of said mortgaged premises (carried inside).....

ACCOUNT OF BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND OF THIS STATE, AND OF OTHER STATES, AND ALSO OF BONDS OF INCORPORATED CITIES IN THIS STATE, AND OF ALL OTHER BONDS AND STOCKS OWNED ABSOLUTELY BY THE COMPANY.

ACCOUNT OF BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND OF THIS STATE AND OF OTHER STATES, AND ALSO OF BONDS OF INCORPORATED CITIZEN IN THIS STATE, AND OF ALL OTHER BONDS AND STOCKS OWNED ABSOLUTELY BY THE COMPANY.		
	Par Value.	Market Value.
City of Boston 4 per cent Bonds.....	25,000.00	\$ 78,000.00
City of Boston 4 per cent Bonds.....	125,000.00	134,000.00
City of Bangor 6 per cent Bonds.....	10,000.00	10,700.00
Chicago Burlington and Quincy R. R. Co. Bonds.....	7,000.00	8,545.96
Chicago Burlington and Quincy R. R. Co 5 per cent Bonds.....	30,000.00	\$1,125.00
Oregon Short Line Ry. Co 6 per cent Bonds.....	10,000.00	10,150.00
Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis R. R. Co 6 per cent Bonds.....	2,000.00	2,025.00
Fitchburg R. R. Co 5 per cent Bonds.....	25,000.00	27,750.00
Wisconsin Central Co 5 per cent Bonds.....	20,000.00	17,650.00
Union Pacific, Lincoln and Colorado R. R. Co 3 per cent Bonds.....	25,000.00	18,200.00
Atchafon, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R. 4 per cent Bonds.	75,000.00	\$3,125.00
Atchafon, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R. Income 5 per cent Bonds.....	50,000.00	\$6,975.00
Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City R. R. 6 per cent Bonds.....	20,000.00	20,000.00
Brookfield & Light R. R. Co 6 per cent Bonds.....	20,000.00	20,000.00
City of All River 5 per cent Bonds.....	10,000.00	10,000.00
City of Newton 4 per cent Bonds.....	20,000.00	20,975.00
West Shore R. R. 4 per cent Bonds.....	5,000.00	5,187.50
Boston and Lowell R. R. Bonds.....	5,000.00	5,000.00
Oregon Short Line and Utah Northern Stocks.....	5,000.00	1,075.00
Chicago Burlington and Quincy R. R. Co. Stocks.....	50,000.00	46,750.00
From Railway Co. Stocks.....	25,000.00	18,500.00
Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City R. R. Stocks.....	20,000.00	18,000.00
Manchester, Mills Stocks.....	20,000.00	27,900.00
Brookfield & Light R. R. Stocks.....	20,000.00	20,000.00
Boston and Albany R. R. Stocks.....	20,000.00	20,000.00
Boston and Lowell R. R. Stocks.....	20,000.00	18,800.00
Fitchburg R. R. R. Preferred Stocks.....	25,000.00	20,000.00
Pulman Palace Car Co. Stocks.....	25,000.00	20,000.00
Atlantic Bank Stocks.....	10,000.00	14,400.00
Atlas Bank Stocks.....	10,000.00	12,400.00
Devoe's Bank Stocks.....	10,000.00	15,500.00
Brookline Bank Stocks.....	10,000.00	15,000.00
Columbian Bank Stocks.....	12,000.00	12,800.00
Commonwealth Bank Stocks.....	20,000.00	20,800.00
Continental Bank Stocks.....	10,000.00	11,000.00
Eagle Bank Stocks.....	10,000.00	9,750.00
First Bank Stocks.....	25,000.00	20,875.00
Exchange Bank Stocks.....	10,000.00	11,000.00
First Bank of Salem, Stocks.....	10,000.00	\$1,000.00
First Bank of Salem, Stocks.....	10,000.00	15,000.00
Freestone Bank Stocks.....	10,000.00	15,000.00
Globe Bank Stocks.....	15,000.00	15,000.00
Grand Bank, Marblehead, Stocks.....	1,000.00	2,040.00
Hemilton Bank Stocks.....	10,000.00	11,700.00
Hill and Leather.....	10,000.00	11,000.00
Lewis & Leather.....	10,000.00	10,800.00
Lincoln Bank.....	10,000.00	17,075.00
Mercantile Bank Salem.....	10,000.00	11,000.00
Mercantile Bank.....	10,000.00	14,000.00
Mercantile Bank, Salem.....	5,000.00	6,000.00
Mercantile Bank, Salem.....	10,000.00	14,000.00
New England Bank.....	15,000.00	14,750.00
North Bank.....	10,000.00	10,000.00
Old Devon Bank.....	10,000.00	10,000.00
Railroad Bank, Lowell.....	5,000.00	5,500.00
Republic Bank.....	15,000.00	\$1,075.00
Revere Bank.....	20,000.00	21,000.00
Second Bank.....	10,000.00	10,000.00
State Bank.....	2,000.00	\$2,750.00
Suffolk Bank.....	10,000.00	10,000.00
Suffolk Bank.....	10,000.00	17,000.00
Whitcomb Bank.....	25,000.00	10,000.00
Whitcomb Bank.....	25,000.00	13,500.00